

65-
magnificent

Boston, August 8, 1856.

My dear Mrs. Bramhall:

Your kind letter of the 29th ult. was next to the pleasure of taking you by the hand, and talking with you face to face. I would have tried to answer it promptly, but, for the last ten days, I have been confined to the house, and most of the time prostrated upon my bed, — my brain and spine both being badly affected. But I am now greatly relieved of my pain, and improve the first opportunity to thank you (with wife) for your interesting epistle.

You portray, in a graphic and touching manner, the solitariness of your situation in Newark, as pertaining to the anti-slavery cause in special, and the cause of reform universally. Be assured, you have our warmest sympathies. Newark is famous for the number of its churches, and the multitude of its religious observances: why should it not be cold and indifferent to the emancipation of those who are grinding in the Southern prison-house? It manufactures coaches for the nabobs of the South, and whips for the backs of their slaves. It believes in a religion in which the "rulers" believe, which "walks in silver slippers," which is filled with pharisaical pride and exclusiveness, and which strains at a gnat, and readily swallows "a whole caravan of camels." Of course, you will find in such a community but few to sympathize with you in your affinity for what is unpopular and persecuted. It is thus by standing alone that we are brought into closest sympathy with the despised Nazarene.

But it is mournful to see a whole community thus blind and besotted. How shall we make ourselves understood? where shall we obtain audience? who will see if there be any good thing that can come out of Nazareth? Alas for those who have eyes, and see not — ears, and hear not! What then? Can they repeal the law of gravitation? Is the earth never to move? Are they so strong — is God so weak — that we may hang down our heads in despair? Far otherwise. Truth is mighty, and will not only maintain its ground, but drive Error to the wall. The Right is ever victorious.

I trust you will at last find that there are some hearts in your city not wholly dead to the claims of suffering humanity — some minds sufficiently enlightened to distinguish between "the form of godliness and the power thereof," between genuine and spurious faith in God. Complete isolation is far from being a desirable state; the soul is made for personal communion; the heart wants a living presence. Still, if we must stand alone, ~~rather than~~ ^{or} compromise our principles, there is no alternative: — having done all, God helping us, we will so stand.

You ask whether Kansas is to be sacrificed to the demon slavery. For one, I have no hope in that direction — none whatever. Slavery is planted in Kansas; "border ruffianism" is in the ascendant there, backed up by all the resources of the U. S. Government; freedom lies trodden in the dust, or wanders as an outlaw; the Slave Power has no cause to tremble while the Union lasts, but will find therein what-ever it needs for safety, extension and perpetuity.

As between the contending political parties, my feelings and wishes are with the Republican party, of course, because it occupies a position relatively anti-slavery; still, it is made up of very incongruous elements, and will certainly be cheated or defeated in the end. Think of the New York Herald coming to its support! — and yet as bitter and vile against genuine abolitionism as ever.

What a change in the pacific disposition of Gerrit Smith! His faith in God, and in "the foolishness of preaching," has given place to Sharpe's rifles. He is not only for fighting the "border ruffians," but the U. S. government which sustains them in their nefarious acts. In this, I like his consistency. But he is setting an evil example, and measurably throwing his money away; though I have no doubt that he is true to his own present convictions of duty.

Our First of August celebration at Abington was more numerously attended than ever before, and the proceedings were uncommonly interesting. You will see, in the Liberator of this week, the speeches of Higginson and Phillips, delivered on the occasion, and will peruse them with deep interest. I was not able to be present, in consequence of my illness, much to my regret.

Of home matters, there is little of interest to communicate. Our little Franky has had the scarlatina, but is now convalescent. Fanny leaves us to-morrow, to spend a part of her vacation with her cousins at Providence. Wendell will go to Lynn next week, to be with

William a little while. George remains at the printing-office, using his fingers to "help the cause along."

Our "help" is just leaving us, and we have no girl in prospect as a substitute; so, wife has more than her hands full, and desires me to say thus much to you, and that she will write to you with as little delay as possible.

We remember the many kindnesses of yourself, and your beloved husband, shown to us through years of friendship, with the deepest gratitude. We regret the distance that separates you from us, but trust to see ^{you} once more located in this region, and at no distant day.

The children send their love to you, and desire to be specially remembered to Marcia. As she is one of my favorites, you will give her my love with theirs.

It is not unlikely that you may see me in Newark, in all next week, as I have been urged to visit your city for a special purpose. In case I come, I will not fail to find you. I need a journey of some kind, and hope this will prove beneficial to my health.

I write in galloping haste, and have not begun to say what it is in my heart to write, touching a multitude of matters. Our warmest regards to your husband.

JL Whitney M^{rs} Friend

Nov. 16-1961-033

Ever truly yours,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Mrs. Ann R. Bramhall.